

NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING CO.
RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.

THE LITTLE FOOT-PAGE.

The little page, Ralph, lay under a tree,
Gazing up at the sky and wondering,
A very little foot-page was he;
His hair was yellow as it could be,
And blue was his sparkling eye.

His little round cap was red as a rose;
His doublet was bottle-green,
Silken and soft were his crimson hose;
His eyes were little flames turned up at the toes;
And his cheeks had a velvet sheen.

He mused as he lay there: "O my lord, the king,
I heard the herald's cry:
Has lost the stone from his right ring;
And whoever the stone will bring,
Whichever his state or name,
Shall have, henceforth, at his command
Jewels and ransom fine.
His name shall be honored in all the land;
His house, a palace superbly grand.
Such splendors shall all be mine."

"The other foot-page is so dull, and so slow—
Gazing up at the sky and wondering,
He never will find the stone, I know;
Bless me! he doesn't know where to go,
He'll be me away at once."

"I'll go where the king sat yesterday,
To hear the minstrel sing:
For the ground is strewn with violets white,
And the clouds hang low over his sight;
And there I shall find the stone."

"Then the herald will lead me away by the hand,
And cry in his loudest voice:
Here is the brightest foot-page in the land!
His treasure and palace grand!
In his hand the king's ring!"

"O my life will be joyful and free from care,
For of course I shall find the stone;
And far away in the future, I know,
Perhaps I shall lead the Princess Claire—
And even come to the throne."

So musing and planning the page lay there,
Gazing up into the sky;
Building such wonderful castles in air,
They far exceeded the palace fair—
And the middle hour drew nigh.

Then gaily the little foot-page arose,
And took his way to the town;
He walked along in the quietude of the trees,
And saying: "Perhaps before night—who knows?
In my palace I'll lay me down."

But alas! and alas! for the day dreams bright!
Alas! for the palace fair!
As he entered the town, with a foot-step light,
He heard a voice that called him by name:
The beautiful Princess Claire!

Was leading a little foot-page by the hand;
While the herald, with loudest voice,
Cried: "Here is the brightest foot-page in the land!
His treasure and palace grand!
In his hand the king's ring!"

"And the king, my master, told me to say
To each and every foot-page:
To do his duty in your best array,
For the finest foot-page will be given today,
That ever was under the sun."

Then the other foot-page went home alone—
Sadder and wiser he;
And donned his holiday dress with a groan,
For Ralph had sought, and found the stone,
Which King lay under the tree.

Katharine S. Atton, 1st St., Nicholas.

A TALE OF TWO TRUNKS.

Romantic Outcome of a Most Embarrassing Situation.

"What a very peculiar trunk!" said Mr. Marrowbone, looking through his eye-glasses at a large and handsome one which the civil salesman had just dragged from its retreat in the corner to the center of the room.

"Peculiar? Yes, sir," said the young man, lifting the lid and exhibiting the interior. "This trunk, sir, was made to order for a very wealthy gentleman. In fact we made him two just alike. He never wanted them, and we are disposing of them at a sacrifice."

"Why didn't he want them?" asked Mr. Marrowbone, who had a streak of curiosity—doubtless inherited from his mother—in his composition. "Curious, not to want what you have ordered."

"Yes, sir," replied the salesman. "Very curious. But in this case, there was a complication that rendered the gentleman quite execrable. He committed suicide."

"Ah! Very wrong!" said Mr. Marrowbone. "Very wrong of him!"

"Quite so, sir," replied the salesman. "You observe the elegant receptacle for neckties; this place for your collar-box; here lies the shirts, if you please. On the whole, I don't if you can find anything like it in the city."

"I doubt if I can," said Mr. Marrowbone. "Just my initials on it, 'M. M.' Milton Marrowbone; and send it at once."

"Very well, sir, and I think you will never regret the purchase," said the salesman.

Hardly had he bowed his customer out of the door, when a lady tripped up the steps and entered. She was rather good-looking, her age might have been thirty, and her appearance was that which may be described by the expression, "Just turned out of a handbox."

"I want a trunk," she began, "and—there—that is exactly what I like!" And she pointed to Mr. Marrowbone's recent purchase.

"Sorry, ma'am, but we have just sold that," said the polite salesman, conjuring up an expression of regret which was quite touching. "But," as he allowed a gleam of hope to sparkle in his eye—"but, madam, we have another, outwardly similar, differing only in the interior; one, in fact, more suitable for a lady."

"Let me see it," said the customer. Another trunk, trundled from the show-rooms in the far corner of the shop and whisked open. The lady peered into it.

"I'll take it," she said, after hearing the price. "I'll take it. I'm in a desperate hurry. Put my initials on it, and send it home at once."

The polite clerk made a bow so profound that it very nearly became an acrobatic performance, and the lady vanished. She had left her card—

MARIA MUTTON.

"Two 'M. M.'s on these trunks, Joshua," said the clerk to the factotum who appeared at the touch of the electric bell. "And quick about it."

Shortly, these trunks were sent home, and very soon after, they were, curiously enough, standing side by side in a large express-wagon bound for the Grand Central depot, and still more coincidentally, found themselves piled one on the other in the baggage car on its way to New Haven, while their respective owners, Miss Maria Mutton and Mr. Milton Marrowbone, sat side by side. A curious combination of facts; but "fact," as we are told in every edition of every daily paper, is "stranger than fiction."

Mr. Marrowbone had lived forty years without giving his trunk entirely away to any woman. Miss Mutton, at thirty-five, was still a dear little lamb as far as her tenderest affections

went. But as they sat together in the dining car, the same cinders trying to get into their eyes, the same steam-whistle shrieking in their ears, the same boy coasting off their trunks, and chewing gum, the same lank and sad-eyed youth gazing through his refreshing draughts of the water which it was his duty to carry through the car, something happened. Bachelor and spinster alike felt a softness of heart quite unwonted.

"What a nice man he looks like!" said Miss Mutton to herself.

"What a charming woman!" thought Mr. Marrowbone.

When he shut the window for her, she felt there were moments when—but no matter. However, on their arrival at the New Haven depot, they separated, as travelers usually do, and saw no more of each other. Miss Mutton at once taking a conveyance for the hotel; Mr. Marrowbone having what he spoke of as "a little bit of something" before he proceeded to the same hotel. Again coincidence followed them. Mr. Marrowbone was assigned to room No. 5 on the right corridor; Miss Mutton to room No. 5 on the left.

Both slumbered peacefully. Both were aroused by a fearful noise—shouts, cries, shrieks of murder, gells of fire. Bewildered and terrified, Miss Mutton, in white robe de nuit and one of the last remaining night-gowns in the world, rushed out into the hall, and found herself in utter darkness amidst a crowd of ladies as much alarmed as herself; and in the right corridor Mr. Marrowbone appeared, or would have appeared had there been any light to see him by, in a night-gown, with a peaked cap, with a tassel on its top, upon his head.

"What? Where? How?" howled the guests, as they clustered together.

Suddenly a glare of light flashed upon the scene. The forces of the hotel appeared with lamps of all sorts. A voice was heard to explain that it was only "something the matter with the electric lights. Wire disconnected; young man knocked down; coming to, all right. The tender spirits remained to get the news, regardless of costume; less experienced travelers retired to their rooms."

Miss Maria Mutton, who had never slumbered in a hotel before, fled before the approach of the lights and found shelter under a stairway. Mr. Marrowbone, who felt that a night-gown and cap did not compose a dignified costume, turned suddenly into a little cross-hall near which he happened to be standing, and there awaited the retirement of the other guests to their rooms. Afterward he knew that when he emerged from his retreat he must have turned to the left instead of the right. However, after much wandering about, and as much chaffiness of body as heat of temper, he came upon the magic number "5" shining upon a silver plate upon his door, entered and closed it with a bang.

"All right," he said, as he struck a match. "There is my trunk; there is not another like it in the city, and there is 'M. M.' on the side." Then he blew out the match and popped into bed.

Almost at the same moment, Maria Mutton with a palpitating heart caught sight of the magic number "5," opened her door, saw her peculiar trunk, noted the initials of her name upon it by the light of the lamp opposite her door, said: "Thank heaven!" burst into tears, and drew the drapery of her couch about her.

"What a fearful adventure!" was her last thought before she sank into the arms of slumber. Ah, had she but known it, fearful adventures were only just begun for her.

Mr. Marrowbone awakened early. He had business which demanded prompt attention. He sat up in bed, took off his nightgown and looked about him. He looked in vain. Those garments which he desired to assume were not visible. In their place hung, over a chair back, a woman's dress; on the bureau, where he had surely left his hat, lay a bonnet and gloves; in place of his manly boots, there stood at the foot of the bed a pair of button gaiters, No. 3½ at the instep.

"Have I gone out of my senses?" cried Mr. Marrowbone.

How did these garments come to be in his room? Where were his own? He gazed about him and flew to his trunk.

"It's mine, certainly," he said. "Here are my initials, but I never tied a bit of blue ribbon to the handle."

He dashed back the lid. Within he beheld silk, lace, linen articles contrived for ladies' wear—nothing that had ever belonged to any masculine being. A horrible thought, engendered by certain words of fiction that he had recently perused, rushed to his mind.

Was this a case of transformation—double identity—whatever it was called? he asked himself.

He rushed to the mirror expecting to see a female face there, but his own bold countenance, garnished with red side whiskers and crowned by a bald forehead, welcomed him. He breathed a great sigh of relief and sat down to recover from the shock. As he stared at the dress upon the chair a memory came to him.

She, the lively lady who shared his seat in the car the day before—had worn one like it. Yes, her traveling costume was made of that material.

"Please, ma'am," said a voice, at the door, "the electric gentleman wants to come in to fix the wires before any more boarders kill themselves."

"Good Heaven!" cried Mr. Marrowbone. "I say, will you send a waiter to me—a man—a boy?"

"There ain't no lady-waiters in this house, miss," replied the girl, from without.

"Why does she call me 'miss'?" asked Mr. Marrowbone of himself.

"Then, if the landlady wouldn't mind, or the clerk—any man send a man to me," said Mr. Marrowbone.

"I can't miss, missis is a widdle and don't hire no lady clerks. There ain't no men employed," responded the girl, with suspicion in her voice. "Please, the electric gentleman is in a hurry."

"I can't see any woman in this dress," said Mr. Marrowbone. "I must put on some gowns and strings in order to explain my position to the landlady." Accordingly he proceeded to attire himself in a gray dress which descended him above the ankles, a knitted worsted shawl, which had deficiencies as to the meeting of hooks and eyes, and, having assumed the aspect of a bearded lady who had outgrown her wardrobe, took the bonnet on backward, tied a gray veil over it and opened the door.

"If I am not arrested before I find the landlady, I may get matters arranged as they should be," he said, with a gasp, remembering his pocket-book and watch, and with a fleeting

vision of a diamond pin in the missing earring.

Meanwhile, Miss Mutton, aroused by a tap upon the door, had received the same information concerning the "electric gentleman," and sprang to the door in terror. She looked about for her bonnet and beheld a coat she sought her skirt in vain; in its place lay a pair of inexpressible where the bonnet had been was a man's hat. She lifted the trunk lid and saw only masculine garments.

"I must have been in a wrong room all night," she cried, jumping at the truth more quickly than Mr. Marrowbone had done. A way of deliverance also occurred to her more speedily. And as she was in more terror of the vague dangers of electric wires, her wish to escape was greater. Gazing into the depths of the trunk, a flash of light caught her eye. She donned it. Its ends trailed on the ground. She pulled the derby over her ears and opened the door. A queer-looking female with a dress too short for her and with nothing but striped stockings on her feet was passing.

"Are you the landlady?" she began, then, with a squeal, seized her. "What-ever you are, you've got my frock on," she cried.

"And you," said the strange object, "whatever you are, I think you are wearing my hat and duster."

"Don't touch me," gasped Miss Mutton. "In a lady, I put these on because—I hadn't anything else—I must have got into another person's room. My trunk has the same initials, and it is a very peculiar trunk—oh, dear, dear!"

"I, madam," replied the being attired in her garments—"I am a gentleman. We have evidently exchanged rooms in the tumult occasioned by last night's alarm. I will shortly send you a parcel. Begrets," and he vanished.

Our readers know that he was Mr. Marrowbone. He had recognized Miss Mutton.

In ten minutes more the suspicious chambermaid delivered a parcel to the lady. "From No. 5, left corridor," and conveyed another to left destination; and Miss Mutton and Mr. Marrowbone became themselves again.

They met at the table d'hôte. He bowed slightly, but afterward acknowledged the situation.

There are always people to be found to introduce those who wish to know each other, and the marriage notices of a popular society journal shortly contained an account of the wedding of "Mr. Milton Marrowbone and Miss Maria Mutton, daughter of Mortimer Mutton, of Sheephead farm."

Their peculiar travels now travel together, and the keys jingle lovingly upon one ring.—M. Gady, in N. Y. Ledger.

INDEPENDENCE OF MIND.

Customs of People Which Are Termed Eccentricities.

It is easy to sneer at people's eccentricities. We may smile at the man who persists in wearing a queer style of hat, or at the woman who clings to an old fashion in hair dressing. But in adhering to a custom both agreeable and comfortable do they not show some independence of mind, a decision that helps to leave the lump of general flabbiness?

Once a lady whose eyes were weak was obliged always to carry a sunshade to protect them from the glare of the sun. Even in winter, and when she wore furs, the sunshade was a necessity. She declared, laughingly, that no one would believe, unless she tried it, how much attention such a simple matter evoked. Sometimes she was followed a block or two by boys commenting on her odd appearance. They wondered if she was crazy, and while they wondered seemed to think she was also deaf. Older people, whom one would think might know better, gazed at her curiously, and even questioned her as to the reason of her peculiar conduct.

Most persons under such perscription would have given up the fight, said in the house, or decided to bear the pain and run the danger. Being a woman of resolute temper, she did nothing of the kind. She carried her sun and her parasol all winter. Indeed, after a while she seemed to take a wicked pleasure in flaunting these articles before the faces of bewildered passers, who would often turn and look back with an expectation of seeing strange developments from so great a phenomenon.

Probably not many women would have stuck to the singularity as she did, or have gotten so much amusement out of it. Yet it is considered in another light, and we reflect how much interest she excited and how many gazers she supplied with subject for conversation, we might call her a public benefactor—Harper's Bazar.

RURAL ARGENTINE.

The Character and Appearance of the Habitants.

All the country traversed by the railway lines is devoted to pastoral and agricultural industries, and the landscape, with the exception of the hilly district of the Sierra de Tandil and the Sierra de la Ventana, is always the same—bare pampa, with stretches of marshes and small lakes bounding the wild flow. As for the settlements, towns, villages and colonies, when you have seen one you have seen all, and all are equally unpicturesque. The life, too, has become less fertile in picturesque incidents since the inclosure of the land with wire fences, which makes the management of the herds much simpler, and enables the estancieros to dispense with the guard of mounted gauchos, who are now to be seen only in the very distant interior. At present the majority of the population has no particular character, being composed of Italian and French immigrants, of Basques with red or blue cloth caps, and a few native gauchos with broad belts constellated with silver coins, long ponchos, and wide Oriental trousers like petticoats, generally black but sometimes striped with brilliant colors. Nowadays, however, the gaucho is losing his individuality, abandoning his peculiar costume and becoming assimilated in dress and habits with the swarms of miscellaneous Europeans who have peopled the modern Argentine, and made the hundreds of colonies and towns that have sprung into existence within the past ten years. To visit these young centers of so-called civilization is no pleasant task.—Theodore Child, in Harper's Magazine.

—What Our Artist Has to Put Up With.—Our artist, "Well, how do you like the portraits, Miss Bunny?" The sitters are old friends of yours, I believe," Miss Bunny (triumphantly). "Yes; and, only think, I've actually managed to guess them all!"—Punch.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The widow of Count Andrassy has lent her late husband's correspondence to Prince Bismarck for use in the preparation of his memoirs.

—The highest chimney in the world, that at Habsbrunner Hutte, near Freiburg, Saxony, has been finished, 460 feet high. Its diameter at base is thirty-five feet, sixteen feet at the top, the inner diameter being eight feet. It is built of clay stone.

—One American manufacturer ships one thousand lumber wagons to South America every year, and yet the natives come into cities like Buenos Ayres with carts of the same style and make as were used one thousand years ago. It takes one yoke of oxen to draw even an empty cart, but the people don't care to experiment.

—On the accession of a new emperor of China, he goes in solemn state to the Temple of Heaven in Peking and formally announces to his imperial predecessors the new titles and dignities which he has assumed. These ancestors are then dutifully invited to the banquet of commemoration, where seats are duly reserved for them.

—A correspondent of a London paper thinks that many medical men would be benefited by the adoption of a medical hat. He has been saved many journeys in the country by the fact that his hat differs from that of other people, and he is recognized even on a dark night and often saved the trouble of retracing his steps for several miles. The hat he has adopted is a dark felt, just the shape of an ordinary straw hat, with low crown and flat brim. Of course, the hat is easily changed when on pleasure bent, and the cost is half that of a silk one.

—A Frenchman, who evidently revels in handling large sums of money, has compiled some interesting statistics in regard to the weight of a milliard of the French coin of the realm. According to him a milliard in silver weighs 10,000,000 pounds; in gold, 645,300 pounds; in 1,000-franc checks, 2,500 pounds; and in 100-franc checks, 25,000 pounds. Assuming that a carrier could carry 200-weight, eighteen men would be required to carry a milliard in 1,000-franc checks, 15 men for the same sum in 100-franc checks, 3,225 men in gold and 50,000 in silver. A milliard in 1,000-franc checks would make 2,500 volumes of 500 pages each.

—On February 15, 1895, Lieut. Decatur destroyed the frigate Philadelphia at Tripoli. The bismarck of Tripoli had become so haughty that he declared war against the United States. President Jefferson sent a fleet, which he named the city of Tripoli. "During the blockade a valiant exploit was performed by Lieut. Decatur. The frigate Philadelphia had unfortunately grounded, and had fallen into the enemy's hands. Concealing his men below, he captured the vessel with a small vessel, which he worked alongside the Philadelphia, the character of a ship in distress. As the two vessels struck, he leaped aboard with his men, swept the frightened crew into the sea, set the ship on fire, and amid a tremendous commotion from the batteries, escaped without the loss of a man."

JACK FROST AS A GERMICIDE.

Extract From a Lecture by Dr. J. H. Kellogg, of the Battle Creek Sanatorium.

There are a great many people who say that the weather does not affect everybody. It was reported some years ago that a man in Philadelphia was so sensitive to the weather that he could tell with accuracy every time there was a storm at the gulf of Mexico. He that it may, the weather affects us all. When the barometer goes up our spirits go up, and when the barometer goes down our spirits go down. When the barometer is high we get more oxygen and the vital fires burn brighter, and when the barometer is low the reverse is true. It is no wonder that a person subject to neurasthenia or neuralgia feels these changes in the weather with particular force. When the barometer rises the skin does more work, and when the barometer falls the skin does less work. When the skin does less work, the kidneys, liver and other excretory organs have to do more work.

SOME STRANGE REQUESTS.

Large Sums of Money Given Away Under Singular Circumstances.

Nothing reveals the characters of people more than the gifts and bequests they make. Could anything, for instance, better exhibit the amiability of Dr. Gregory, a once famous Edinburgh physician, than the following conduct: One day he was receiving fees for the privilege of attending his lectures. He left a student, and went into an adjoining room for a fresh supply of admission tickets. In a mirror he saw the student sweep into his pocket some sovereigns from a heap of gold (the fees of other students) that lay on the table. The doctor returned, dated the admission ticket, and gave it to the thief. He then politely attended him to the door, and on the threshold said, with deep emotion: "I saw what you did just now. Keep the money. I know it is distressing you must be. But for God's sake never do it again—I can never succeed." The student, Dr. Gregory to take back the money, but he refused, saying: "Your punishment is that you must keep it, now you have taken it." The reproach had a salutary effect. The youth turned out an honest man. A similar story is told of Lettson, another physician, who, in his day, was very celebrated. On one occasion, as he was traveling, a highwayman stopped his carriage, and putting his pistol into the window, demanded his money. The faltering voice and hesitation of the robber showed that he was new to the business. Lettson, landing his hand, said that he was sorry to see such a well-looking young man pursuing such a course, which would inevitably bring him to ruin; that he would give him all the money he had about him and would try to put him in a better way of life, if he called upon him in the course of a few days. Finding that the young man had been driven to lawless action by unexpected money difficulties, and that he had occupied a good position, Lettson obtained for him a commission in the army, where he distinguished himself so much that his name appeared twice in the Gazette. Here are two instances of bequests which must have helped the recipients. When bleeding a French lady a surgeon had used his lancet so clumsily that he cut an artery instead of a vein, in consequence of which the lady died. On her death-bed she, with charming humanity and irony, made a will bequeathing the operator a life annuity of eight hundred pounds, on condition "that he never again bleed anybody so long as he lived."

HE WAS BIG AND MAD.

But a Quiet Little Chap Shot Him Up Instantly.

They were standing on a street corner and evidently talking about something of interest to both.

One was what might be called immense, and presented a really formidable appearance as he saved the air with a fist and arm of a Hercules. My! but he was laying down the law to the other fellow, and no wonder people pitied the man who was getting the worst of it in such a public place.

The other fellow was the exact opposite of the bulky talker, and he suffered long and in silence.

Finally, when the big man's anger was at its height, and his words the strongest and the loudest, he must have something that galled beyond endurance, for the little fellow turned around, faced him, and quietly said: "That will do."

Slightly reddish hair, and eyes either blue or gray, turn his eyes to your own and say: "That will do?" If such a thing has happened to you, no further explanation is necessary; but if not, then listen what a man shut up like a clam. The words were very ordinary and commonplace. "That will do," but behind them the man referred to and you will have a dim idea of the vision of cyclones, earthquakes, murders, suicides, and every-day assault and batteries that rose up before our big man's mind's eye, and caused him to remember a pressing engagement down street.—Pittsburgh Press.

May in every year, that being the anniversary of my wedding day, and also the anniversary of my decease to a grand old-major and merry, mischievous, unblemished, in joyful commemoration of my happy release from domestic tyranny and wretchedness.

Gratitude is not a common virtue, but sometimes it induces people to make handsome bequests. An old lady left twenty thousand pounds to a gentleman for no other reason than because he once held her pony down open. A man who had been rescued from drowning by a sailor presented the latter with the magnificent reward of one shilling. As the man was known to be rich, indignant murmurs arose from the crowd who had witnessed the rescue. Among them was the poet Burns, who said: "My friends, the gentleman must know his own value better than we do." The life of the gentleman to be mentioned next was much more valuable. He had been saved by a carpenter from drowning in the river Tyne. Five shillings and the usual courtesies were all that were given at the time, but three years afterward the gentleman died and left to his rescuer twenty-five thousand pounds worth of landed estate and one thousand four hundred and fifty pounds in money. Clergymen, literary men and medical men frequently receive marks of gratitude from their admirers. Some years ago a Bolton manufacturer sent a check of four thousand pounds to Prof. Huxley. Charles Leeds and James Fynn, the novelists, are said to have been handsomely remembered in the will of readers who were personally unknown to them. Mr. Clement Scott, the dramatic critic, we believe, left a legacy of the interest on ten thousand pounds by an unknown admirer. It is not often that a man of any profession receives an offer like that which was made to Mr. Tupper by an American millionaire. "I am one of the richest men in New York, sir," said he to the author of "Proverbial Philology," "and I know authors must be paid. I like your book, and I have told my bankers (naming them) to honor my check you may like to draw."

When the offer was declined, the millionaire's house, his yacht and his carriage were placed at Mr. Tupper's disposal.—London Globe.

Behind the batsman is the captain of the opposing team, and his twenty-four men are arranged in a semi-circle on the field, about fifty yards from the batsman. At a line distant from the batsman about twenty paces lengths are stationed two men of the in side, and their duty is a strange one. When the ball is struck the fielders endeavor to catch it on the fly or after one hop, and should they succeed in doing this, with one bound the man is out. If they do not catch it they throw it toward the hole.

And then comes the business of the two men who stand on the "twenty-hurley line." It is their duty to prevent the ball getting within that line, and they are permitted to strike it as it is thrown, and so increase the score of their friends. Should they miss three times the batsman is out, as though it was he himself who had made the false hits.

If the ball is thrown behind the player the opposing captain endeavors to so strike it that it goes within the twenty-hurley line, in which event also the batsman relinquishes his hurley. The score is counted by distance only. For instance, nothing counts until after the ball has been struck fifty hurleys' lengths, and after that each length counts one, the length of the game being usually five hundred. Or sometimes it is decided by the aggregate of the findings.

It seems to me that this game is a more scientific one than baseball. It requires greater skill in handling the bat and infinitely more strength, and ceases the work of the fielders is more difficult and requires absolute skill in the determination of the throw toward the hole. Of course it is not precisely similar to baseball—for instance, there is no pitcher—but the mode is not so very dissimilar that one can not trace a close resemblance.

This game continues to be played in many parts of Ireland, particularly in the west and southwest, and so great is the interest taken in it in the parishes, where it is played that all country sides turn out to watch this picturesque test of the strength and skill of their athletic young friends. In the days of the old fairs this game rivaled hurling.—Robert T. Walsh, in Outlook.

A DEADLY INSULT.

How a Mean Little Man Stopped a College Song That Troubled Him.

It was a jolly party from a college glee club. That the members of it were in a jovial—not to say hilarious—mood was evident from the fact that they wanted to sing regardless of the feelings or convenience of other occupants of the room; that they were from a college was apparent from the fact that they sang college songs; and that they were members of a glee club was apparent from the fact that they sang well together.

Of course no one but a crank or a man with a bad liver would find fault with college boys for making a noise, but there was a little man at one of the tables who was just mean enough to object. He was trying to tell a story, but every minute or two the young fellows laid aside their champagne long enough to interrupt with a song.

Finally the little sour-faced man grew desperate, and calling the proprietor of the place to him, asked why he permitted so much noise.

"O, they're only college boys," was the reply.

But the little man wasn't satisfied, and when four of the young fellows got up, formed a semi-circle, and began a quartet, it was more than he could stand.

He jumped up, grabbed his hat, turned it rim up, dropped a dime in it, crooked his back, and began hopping around the room like a monkey, holding the hat out to every one he saw.

There was a roar of laughter as the crowd "caught onto" the interference, and nickels and dimes were thrown into the hat.

The song ceased instantly and for a moment it looked as though some champagne bottles were to be thrown. But they weren't. The laughter was too much for the college boys and they subsided.—Chicago Tribune.

RABBITMAN'S ANGER.

The Death of King Kalakaua from a Foreign Land, twenty-one hundred miles from his kingdom, recalls the death of his predecessor, Kamehameha II., in London, nearly sixty-six years ago.

Kamehameha II. succeeded his father, Kamehameha I. the Great, in 1819, when the old native religion was beginning to give way before the whites. American missionaries arrived in 1820, and soon thereafter the king abolished the tabu and idolatry. On November 27, 1823, the king, who had long desired to travel, sailed for London on a British man-of-war, accompanied by his queen, Kamehameha, and a suite. They were received by George IV. and attracted much attention in London. Early in July, 1824, they were attacked by a malignant form of measles, and on the 13th the king died, the queen died shortly afterward. The man-of-war Blonde was detained in the harbor by the illness of the king, and to carry the remains of the king and queen to their kingdom, and on May 18, 1825, it arrived at Honolulu, where the dead sovereigns were buried.—Chicago News.

THE GAME OF "TRAP."

It Remembers Baseball, and Has Been Played in Ireland a Thousand Years.

There was a game played at the olden festivals and fairs of Ireland that reminds me curiously of baseball. It is called "trap," and as it so closely resembles America's national game and was practised in Ireland more than a thousand years ago, I shall describe it here. The first game I saw played was at a place called Ventry Harbor, in the County of Kerry. It was during an annual celebration of the 17th of March.

In a great field were thousands of the peasantry and people from Dingle and even from Killarney and Listowel and Limerick. At a signal the entire course moved toward the hill where I was standing with a friend, and there remained on the battlefield only fifty men. These were the players, and this is how the game was played:

A captain for each side being selected, the forty-eight players stand in a row, and from them the captains alternately call each twenty-four men. Then they toss for innings and the game begins. It is played with a hurley and a ball of horse-hair and leather formed like a double cone. This is placed on the ground near to a hole, which answers the purpose of a home plate in home plate under it is a sponsoned piece of wood called a kippen. The batsman strikes, and the ball rises in the air when he hits it. Should he miss three strokes he is out. If he fails to drive it forty hurley lengths (about ninety feet) he also loses his innings. And he scores nothing unless the ball is driven at least the distance of fifty hurley lengths.

Behind the batsman is the captain of the opposing team, and his twenty-four men are arranged in a semi-circle on the field, about fifty yards from the batsman. At a line distant from the batsman about twenty paces lengths are stationed two men of the in side, and their duty is a strange one. When the ball is struck the fielders endeavor to catch it on the fly or after one hop, and should they succeed in doing this, with one bound the man is out. If they do not catch it they throw it toward the hole.

And then comes the business of the two men who stand on the "twenty-hurley line." It is their duty to prevent the ball getting within that line, and they are permitted to strike it as it is thrown, and so increase the score of their friends. Should they miss three times the batsman is out, as though it was he himself who had made the false hits.

If the ball is thrown behind the player the opposing captain endeavors to so strike it that it goes within the twenty-hurley line, in which event also the batsman relinquishes his hurley. The score is counted by distance only. For instance, nothing counts until after the ball has been struck fifty hurleys' lengths, and after that each length counts one, the length of the game being usually five hundred. Or sometimes it is decided by the aggregate of the findings.

It seems to me that this game is a more scientific one than baseball. It requires greater skill in handling the bat and infinitely more strength, and ceases the work of the fielders is more difficult and requires absolute skill in the determination of the throw toward the hole. Of course it is not precisely similar to baseball—for instance, there is no pitcher—but the mode is not so very dissimilar that one can not trace a close resemblance.

This game continues to be played in many parts of Ireland, particularly in the west and southwest, and so great is the interest taken in it in the parishes, where it is played that all country sides turn out to watch this picturesque test of the strength and skill of their athletic young friends. In the days of the old fairs this game rivaled hurling.—Robert T. Walsh, in Outlook.

PITH AND POINT.

"—Good sense is the gift of Heaven." And most people have to go there to get it.—Puck.

"—When a bachelor is asked to rock the cradle he feels more like stoning the baby instead.—Somerville Journal.

"—The millionaire on die in calm consciousness of the fact that he also is the inventor of an indurship.—St. Joseph News.

"—A substitute for coffee is announced. There is nothing new in that, according to continued boarders.—Pittsburgh Press.

"—When a rope is a guy it supports something. When a man is a 'guy' somebody else usually supports him.—Yonkers Statesman.

"—A wealth of sunny, golden hair not infrequently changes to an unmistakable red color in a few months after marriage.—Richmond Recorder.

"—Stage Nervousness.—A songstress vowed she would never sing again, because at the last concert she suffered from hipped aria.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"—I've made some pretty tough springs," said the car-spring manufacturer, "but nothing to compare to the spring of 1891."—Washington Post.

"—A man will receive more sympathy from the neighbors for his wife's one little fault than she will receive for her husband's ten big ones.—Arlington Globe.

"—A Politic Horrower.—Tom—"Harry thinks you are the best fellow in the world." Jack (thuttered).—"Ah, um." Tom—"How much money does he owe you?"—Yonkers Blade.

"—Poppyay.—"There goes a man who was brought up with a silver spoon in his mouth." Poppyay—"I know a man who was brought up with a dozen silver spoons in his pocket."—Jewellers' Circular.

"—A Doubtful Compliment.—"Are those natural or artificial flowers you have in your hair?" "Artificial." "What a perfect deception!—and how excellently they suit your hair!"—Flegende Blätter.

"—Ninety-nine men out of every hundred believe in their hearts that a day of judgment will come, and ninety-eight of them secretly believe that somehow they will be overlooked in judgment.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"—A Flattering Assessment.—"What was the result of Cholly's libel suit against the Bazon?" "He was entirely successful. He proved that the paper had utterly ruined his reputation, and was awarded suitable damages." "How much?" "Ten cents. I think the amount was."—Chicago Standard-Herald.

"—One Mystery Explained.—Chairman of committee from the Raquet club.—"You'll have to take back that clock you sold us. In spite of all your regulating it is always fast." Jeweller.—"Der Tray over again, der! I'd have to sell that clock to a Sunday school."—Jeweller's Weekly.

A REVENGEFUL MAN.

He Was on the Lookout for People Who Wanted to Rob Him.

When a conductor on a Chicago suburban train approached a heavy-set, red-headed fellow, the fellow said: "Look here, you have already punched my ticket twice."

"Well, but why do you give it to me twice?"

"Because," the fellow replied, "you came along and held out your hand, and I was tempted to see how often you would punch away my salary, for it takes about all I make to buy a monthly ticket. Hold on!" he added, when the conductor began to move off. "I have discovered that you are a robber, and I am going to call you to account. I am going to whip you, sir."

"I reckon not," said the conductor.

"But I reckon I am. I have noticed for several years a growing disposition on all sides to rob me, and I have made up my mind to whip every man who I feel sure is a robber. I know that you have robbed me, and I am going to whip you. Wait a minute. Let me think there may be some doubt as to my ability to perform my duty in this matter, let me say that I have three medals presented me by different boxing associations. What time will you be at leisure?"

"I don't know," said the conductor.

"Well, no matter, for I have a day off, and can ride with you until the desired opportunity presents itself."

The conductor, who was evidently disturbed, went into a forward car. When he returned a few minutes later he discovered that the revengeful fellow was gone.

"What became of that red-headed man?" he asked.

"He got off at the last station," a passenger replied. "By the way, why didn't you make him pay his fare?"

"Because he said that I had already punched his ticket twice."

"Yes, he said so, but the truth is, you did not punch it at all. He had no ticket." He lives at Madison Park, and is known as the biggest dead-beat in the community."—Arkansas Traveler.

COULD NOT READ.

But He Angrily Insisted on Having an Article on the Bill of Fare.

An old man stepped into a down town restaurant last evening and senting out on the lunch department, took up a bill of fare and began looking it over carefully. I sat next to him, munched a frugal newspaper man's meal that cost fifteen cents.

The old man's studious perusal of the menu excited suspicion, which was turned to a ludicrous situation a moment later. The old man looked over the bill a moment longer and then called a waiter.

"Here, boy," he said, "I want you." The black youth responded promptly and stood with the obsequious air of a man who not had a tip that day.

"Well, sir," he suggested respectfully.

"You may bring me," said the old man, resting his finger on the last line of the bill of fare, "you may bring me, he went on with deliberation, "some of that."

The black boy gazed at the place indicated by the elderly gentleman's finger and could scarcely believe his eyes. He looked again and a second later a bit of native humor began to show itself in the sparkling of his eyes and the widening of his mouth.

"Some of that, sir," the old gentleman broke out, impatiently. "d'ye hear?"

The waiter slipped back and laughed the story to his chief. At the place indicated this line appeared:

"Unless otherwise ordered, cream will be put in coffee before drawn, as it improves the flavor."

The old man could not read.—Kansas City Times.

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"And what good has your raging done you, Charlie?"

"Well, at any rate it has let some of the superfluous steam off and I'm likely to be a little more companionable. So come to my quarters and have a pipe with me. I'm expecting one or two good fellows you will be glad to meet."

"No cards," Frank asked, sharply.

"Bless your innocent young heart, no—not even a game of Beggar-my-Neighbor to shock your moral principles."

"Who will be there?"

"Why, Greer and Carson of ours, Gregory of the Thirty-ninth, and a cavalry fellow on his way home on furlough—he says he knows you, by the by—Mark Henderson, do you remember him?"

"I should think I did. Why, Charlie, he is the man Swayne and I rescued from the guerrillas."

"All that is jolly. Well, put your forage-cap on and let us start."

Symposiums in officers' quarters were not always the kind of entertainments an elderly maiden lady of precise views would have declared particularly improving gatherings, but on this occasion the revelry was not very pronounced. Some whiskey and a good deal of tobacco was consumed, of course, but beyond this mild dissipation there was little to complain of. Henderson seemed very pleased to meet Frank again.

"I know you would be soon sitting at the high seats of the synagogue," he said, "and I told you so. Let me congratulate you on your promotion."

"Thank you," Frank replied—there was something about this man that impressed him with a feeling of admiration—"and let me congratulate you on the glorious charge your fellows made at Springfield. It was grand, heroic—I never heard or read of a more dashing feat of chivalry."

"It was a pretty tidy bit of fighting, I confess," the Captain drawled. "By the by, there was another acquaintance of yours on that battle-field, who rode as though he had a hundred lives at his disposal."

"Not who?"

"Dick Swayne—you know he enlisted in our corps?"

"Indeed I do not. The last I saw of him he was pounding along with you to the battle-field, with the horse I'd been riding flying at your heels. And that reminds me—did you ever catch my runaway steed?"

"Aye, that we did. Both nags entered my troop with their master and took part in that scrimmage at Springfield. As for Dick Swayne, he fought like a wild-cat, and though I'm afraid we shall never make a smart soldier on parade out of him, he'll be worth his weight in gold as a scout."

"Was he wounded?"

"Never got a scratch—swelled as though he bore a charmed life."

"And you?"

"I was not so lucky; but the damage was not very serious—just a bullet through my shoulder-blade, which makes a convenient excuse for a brief trip home."

"Are you going far?"

"To Dayton, O. Then, I may take a run down to a little place called Meltonburg, where I've a sister married to a young doctor, who may be glad to practice his healing art on my person."

"Not Harry Burrows, surely?"

"Yes, Harry Burrows. Why, you don't mean to say that you know him, do you?"

"Know him! I've known him all my life. I live at Meltonburg and my father was a physician there, in whose office Harry got his first lessons in surgery. Oh, Captain Henderson, if you go there, you must call on my mother and Mr. Brentwood, the minister; and be sure to see how Grace—"

Frank paused and blushed scarlet. In the excitement of conversing with a man who was actually about to meet the dear ones at home, he had said more than he intended to do.

"Your sister, I suppose?" Henderson asked, surprised at his confusion.

"No, not exactly—my—that is to say, Mr. Brentwood's grandchild."

"A child, eh? Some little thing you've made a pet of—may, don't be ashamed of loving children, I'm fond of them myself; so rest easy, for I'll take her a big box of candies and a kiss in your name, and she shall hear how."

"But," Frank interrupted, "I can't do any such thing. Miss Grace Brentwood is a young lady of eighteen, who would be shocked if—"

"You did the kissing by proxy. Ah, lad, I see how the wind blows, and will be properly considerate of your interests, and respectful to the young lady."

"And you'll see my mother?"

"Indeed I will. And, talking about relations, do you know that I have an uncle in your regiment? No? Well, I have—one of the best fellows that ever put on a soldier's coat—Major Hopkins—I honestly don't think I ever met a kinder, truer gentleman than he is—if you get a chance, cultivate his acquaintance, for he's a good man for a youngster like you to know."

"Major Hopkins has been good enough to take some notice of me already," Frank said, intensely pleased at the turn the conversation was taking.

"Yes, I heard him say to-day that you were wonderfully like a boy he lost," Henderson continued. "You see, Uncle Jack had a pretty tough time of it, and that perhaps accounts for his going soldiering with a host of men of his age and means would have preferred to send a substitute."

her as near perfection as it is possible for woman to be. She might be a little too old for you—but, I don't know—she doesn't look half her age—and, oh, wouldn't it be nice, if—"

A roar of laughter from her husband interrupted the current of her remarks.

"Well," he cried, "if that isn't the boldest flight of feminine imagination I ever listened to! Why, Mark, Mrs. Besant is forty, if she is a day, and much too sensible a woman to encourage a flirtation with a man younger than herself, even if you were *epus* with her undeniable charms."

"Now this comes of visiting a pair of spouses like you two," Henderson said, with assumed regret. "I can not ask a simple question about a neighbor, but off you fly into the realm of romance and matrimony. See, I didn't even ask after the widow at all—I said the Besants, as plain as I could speak. Now, do you think you can come down from your stilts long enough to tell me who the Besants are?"

"But, Mark, there are no Besants but Mrs. Besant," Mrs. Burrows pleaded.

"She is a widow with some means," her husband explained, "who lives in the best house in the village, and is decidedly the person of the place, as you will find out before you have been here very long. She has only one child, a son, who is now covering himself with glory on the battle-fields."

"Yes," Henderson interrupted. "I spent the evening with him a few nights ago at Sedalia."

"You have been all night in the house and never told us this. Why, Mrs. Besant will be wild to see you. Get ready to go with me at once, sir, or I shall never be forgiven for having kept her so long from seeing you."

"I object," ruthlessly declared Dr. Burrows. "Mark is an invalid and wants rest." Then, seeing the point on his wife's pretty lips, he added: "But I'll propose an amendment to your proposition. We've never attempted to give a party since we were married. Now, suppose you go to the Walnut House and invite Mrs. Besant to tea to-night. You can then trot round to the parsonage and ask Mr. Brentwood and his women-folk, and—"

"Won't that be perfectly splendid?" Flossie Burrows cried, and as Mark lazily accepted the plan it was forthwith carried out.

But Mark Henderson was fated to meet Mrs. Besant before the evening's festivities, for in the early afternoon a note came round from Walnut House to say that that lady's niece had just arrived from Chicago, whereupon the accommodating officer was commissioned by his sister to call and induce both ladies to honor them with their presence.

"You know I didn't dare to say that you were a friend of Frank's this morning, or we should have had the widow down here long before this, interrupting my immense preparations for supper—simply an army officer, my dear boy—so while you're there you can just let the flood-gates of your information flow, or you'll be boring us to death this evening with it all," the volatile little lady suggested.

"And this niece—do you know any thing about her?"

"Oh, I suppose she is a lady who was visiting Mrs. Besant two years ago, whom I met at the Brentwoods, when I first made Harry's acquaintance—not at all good looking and rather commonplace in her style, my dear boy, as she'll be up to her eyes unpacking, you may rely on having the fair widow all to yourself."

Henderson was a fine, handsome fellow, with a distinguished military bearing, and had often been the cynosure of admiring eyes on the parade-ground and in the drawing-room, but he had never known what it was to be stared at as he was by the gaping rusties on his way through the village, and well they might feast their eyes on his gallant figure; for Meltonburg was one of those delightfully primitive villages, where, if you had an egg for breakfast, there was not an old maid in the place who did not know which end you had broken it at before dinner-time, and consequently Mark's arrival had been heralded from house to house.

His doughty deeds had been carried on the wings of gossip from fireside to fireside, and the patriotic editor of the Weekly Advertiser had primed them with a double-edged description of the glorious cavalry charge at Springfield, in which the brother-in-law of our talented fellow citizen, Dr. Burrows, took so noble a part. Nay, not half an hour ago, the new edition of the paper had come out with the announcement in bold type that "The hero of the battle of Springfield is among us, visiting Doctor and Mrs. Burrows. It is proposed to give him a public reception before he goes back to gather fresh laurels," a piece of information which Mark's sister religiously kept out of his sight, for she felt sure if he saw it he would be off to Dayton by the first train. So the villagers stared their fill. Women ran to their doors to gaze after him as he passed, men gathered on the sidewalks to discuss his martial bearing, and more than once the little boys got up a feeble cheer, which was suppressed by their elders. If he had only entered a store, how they would have crowded in after him and soiled themselves in true rural fashion with a hearty hand-shake, but he kept right on up the main street till he reached the garden gate of the Walnut House, where he was lost to the gaze of his admirers.

A neat maid servant, all blushes and giggles, received him. Yes, Mrs. Besant was at home—would he be pleased to walk right in, and she would call her mistress?

Mark had time to notice the pretty refinement of the room, which bore so many traces of feminine taste and had such a home-like air about it, before his hostess made her appearance.

Yes, Mrs. Besant was decidedly handsome, he declared to himself, as he swept into the room with a grace of movement so fascinating in beautiful women. There was a charm of manner about her, too, which outshone all

else before he had been five minutes in her presence, and, old what a welcome she gave him, when she found that he had been a boon companion of her boy. How she loaded him with questions; how she reveled in the stories of her boy's adventures on the battle-field; how her color came and went as he told the tales of hair-breadth escapes; how she cunningly led him on to describe her darling's mode of life, his friends, his duties and every thing pertaining to him—why, time sped on with flying wings—for Mark loved to talk to pretty women, and it was nearly five o'clock before he had the grace to take his leave.

"But I must introduce you to my niece before you go," the widow said, as he stood but in hand.

"No, pray, Mrs. Besant, don't disturb her. I really must be going—Flossie will be thinking I have fainted by the wayside," and the young man hurried away, eager to escape the spider from Chicago, who was "not at all good looking and rather passe."

Imagine his chagrin then, when, as he turned to fasten the garden-gate, he saw Mrs. Besant, who had followed him out on the veranda, standing with her arm embracing the waist of the prettiest girl Mark Henderson had ever seen in his life—such a vision of youthful loveliness that he stood for the moment transfixed—and to think that, if he had only known, he might have escorted these two pretty women to his sister's house. Well, he'd pay Flossie out for the joke she had played him, anyhow, and make up for lost time in the evening.

On his return to his sister's, he found that the paragon people had already arrived and that Dr. Burrows had brought an addition to the party in the shape of a young Methodist minister, a recent arrival in the place.

"I wanted to be civil to the fellow," Harry whispered in Mark's ear, "but I'm afraid you'll find him an awful bore."

Rev. Lubin Ferry came up at that moment for an introduction to the hero of the evening. He was a gentle, overgrown young man, who wore glasses and dropped perpetually sentimental phrases from his lips; little scraps of devotional expressions that were never intended to pass as colloquial currency in common conversation—as different a man from the big-hearted, broad-shouldered, scholarly Josiah Brentwood as it was possible to conceive. Moreover, he was the only son of a widow, who had tied him to her apron-string from the time he was a little lad, following him to college, and never letting him out of her sight for more than a few hours in his whole life, and the young man had become so imbued with this maternal solicitude that he dragged his mother's sentiments into every thought he uttered, to Mark Henderson's intense disgust, especially when he learned afterwards that the mamma was a selfish, vulgar old body, who took every cent of her son's earnings and made him wait on her hand and foot.

"I'm so glad to meet you, Captain Henderson," the young minister gushed, taking Mark's brawny hand in both his chubby white ones and nursing it affectionately. "The repose of this quiet spot must be very soothing after the turmoil of battle—wouldn't you, they tell me you've been. Well, as my says, we've much to be thankful for in this vale of tears."

"Yet I don't feel particularly grateful for a bullet in my shoulder-blade," Mark said, abruptly, disengaging his hand from the minister's grasp.

"Ah, no. Bless me, no, I didn't mean that at all; but do let me introduce you to my sweet young friend Grace Brentwood," and with an air of proprietorship he took the soldier across the room and made him known to Miss Brentwood, with as much sangfroid as though he had been familiar with that young person from girlhood. A few hours later Mark heard him talking of Mrs. Besant's niece as "my dear young friend Kate Lester," and wondered what there was in the clerical profession that permitted such breaches of social etiquette, or, as he called it, I am sorry to say, "unlimited gall."

Grace and the Captain became fast friends, and when he told her delicious little anecdotes of Frank's bravery and general heroism, you may be sure he did not lose favor in her eyes, which

ling in for more than his share of the general interest, when Miss Ruth propounded a question which seemed to cause a little flutter among the paragonage party.

"Did you, when you were with Frank Besant, hear any thing of a young man named James Lawson?" she asked her military neighbor. There was a lull in the conversation, so the question was painfully distinct.

Before he could reply Mr. Lubin Ferry stretched his long neck forward, and speaking across the table began:

"Ma says she has heard that James Lawson is—"

"I was not asking what your ma said, brother Ferry," Miss Ruth snapped, severely. "Now, perhaps you'll allow Captain Henderson to answer my question."

"Really, marm," Mark replied, with a smile at the lady's petulance, "I don't think I have the pleasure of the gentleman's acquaintance. Is he one of Lieutenant Besant's brother officers?"

"I suppose he is—he enlisted at the same time and in the same regiment. I have only heard once from him since he left—how defiantly she looked at her brother—and then he said he was a full-private, which I suppose is a step on the ladder of rank."

"You surely don't mean a tall, ungainly fellow with light hair and eyes that look two ways at once—ah, yes, I think Besant did say he came from the same place he did—well, if that is the man you allude to, Miss Brentwood, I did see him the very night before I left the camp. He was a full private still, Miss Ruth—so full, that a corporal's guard was bustling him off to the calaboose."

A general laugh greeted this unhappy reminiscence, and from that moment Captain Henderson sank many degrees below zero in Miss Brentwood's estimation.

Notwithstanding this little contretemps, they spent a most delightful evening, to which Mark Henderson's mind often wandered in the lone hours by the camp-fire, with Kate Lester's sweet face as the crowning centerpiece of the whole delightful reflection.

After supper he enjoyed a charming talk with the two young ladies, which was only interrupted at nine o'clock, when Rev. Lubin came to bid them good-night, as ma didn't approve of his keeping late hours.

When he was gone Harry Burrows brought forth some excellent cigars and Mr. Brentwood and the younger men by the gracious consent of the ladies were soon in the full enjoyment of the fragrant weed.

"I don't suppose brother Ferry smokes," Harry Burrows explained.

"I'm sure he doesn't," Miss Ruth snapped. "His ma wouldn't let him."

By and by they drifted into more serious conversation, and Mrs. Besant explained a plan she had matured of establishing a woman's working club for the preparation of necessities and comforts for the soldiers, appealing to Mark Henderson for suggestions, which she accepted with an air of deference that was very gratifying to the young man, who had a flattering opinion of his own judgment, and liked, as we all do, to be considered an authority.

Then all too soon they went home, and Flossie forthwith began to catechize her brother, who seemed in no wise reluctant to gratify her curiosity.

"Well, Mark, what do you think of my pretty widow?"

"She is charming."

"And Grace Brentwood?"

"Pretty as a peach. But Miss Lester is the sweetest, loveliest girl I ever met in all my life."

"Oh?"

It was all his sister said, but the little monosyllable expressed a volume.

CHAPTER VIII.
FOUR DOWNSHOTS.

Meanwhile how fared it with Frank Besant and the gallant boys of the Fighting Fourth? You may be assured that they were indulging in no quiet little tea-parties and mild flirtations with rather the stern realities of the tented field, the dangers, privations and miseries of those whose trade is war.

But before I resume the thread of my story I must trespass on my reader's patience, while we take a passing glance at the chess-board on which this stupendous game of human slaughter was being played.

Hallock had succeeded Fremont as Commander-in-Chief of the Department of the Missouri, with headquarters at St. Louis.

This department was divided into several districts, of which we have principally to do with those of "Cairo," under command of General Grant and "Ohio," under Buell.

Now the Confederates held that Kentucky naturally belonged to them, and the dawn of 1862 saw them with a line of fortifications dotted across that State and held by strong detachments—prominently Columbus on the Mississippi, Fort Henry on the Tennessee, Fort Donelson (twelve miles distant by land) on the Cumberland, Bowling Green, Mill Spring and Cumberland Gap. The critical points in this long line of ramparts were Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, the center and the keys to Southern Kentucky and Tennessee. If these were taken the whole was untenable.

Now, while our hero was on the march to join General Buell's command, preparations were made for this momentous enterprise, and its execution was intrusted to General Grant, who on the 30th of January moved from Cairo with a force of seventeen thousand men, assured of the co-operation of Commodore Foote, in command of a flotilla of gun-boats.

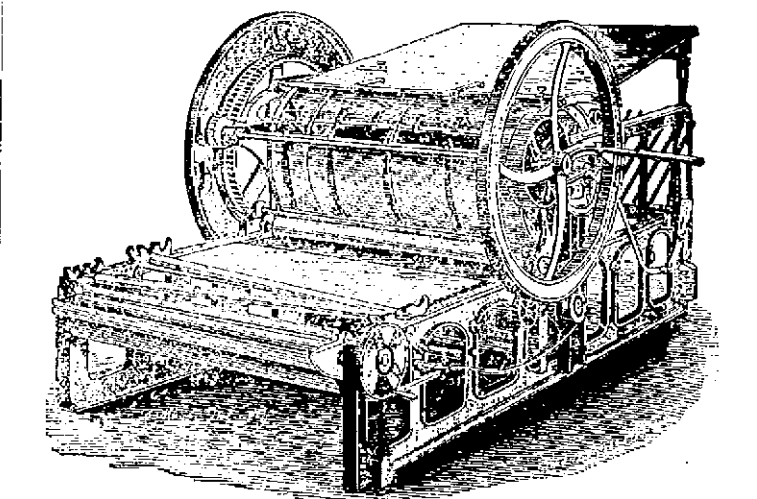
The idea was for the fleet to reduce the fort, while Grant cut off the retreat by land, but Confederate General Thompson, seeing from the first that resistance was useless, sent hisarrison of

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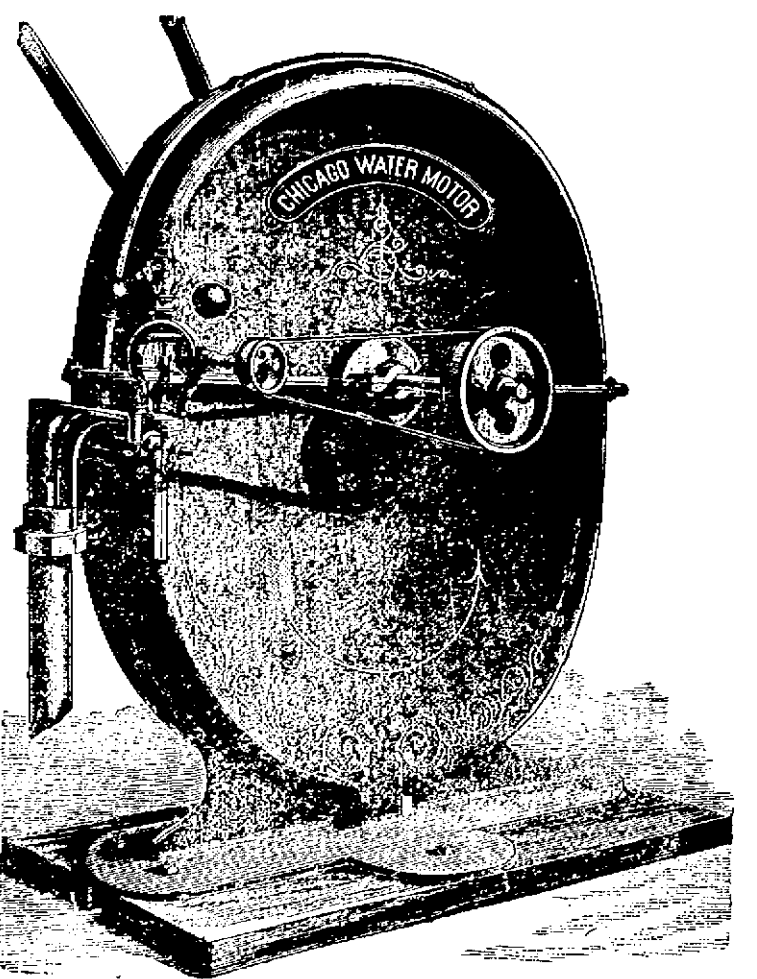
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Services every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. and regular service 8:00 P. M. Sabbath school immediately after morning service. Rev. W. H. BLACKBURN, Pastor.

Catholic Church.
Services every Sunday, Mass services at 8:00 A. M., 9:00 A. M., 10:30 A. M., 12:00 P. M., 3:00 P. M., 7:00 P. M. and 8:00 P. M. Rev. FATHER JULY, Pastor.

Methodist Church.
Services every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. and regular service 8:00 P. M. Sabbath school immediately after morning service. Rev. D. C. SAVAGE, Pastor.

B. A. R.
JOHN A. LOHAN, Sec. 222. Regular meetings 1st and 3rd Tuesday evenings of each month at G. A. Hall, Brown's block. RICHARD BROWN, Sec. G. A. HALL, Sec.

O. O. F.
O. O. F. Regular meetings at hall every Monday evening. F. A. HILDEBRAND, Sec. G. A. HALL, Sec.

F. & A. M.
RHEINLANDER LODGE No. 222. F. & A. M. Lodge meets first and third Tuesdays in every month over Stillwell's Furniture Store. B. T. PUGH, Sec. H. C. KEITH, W. M.

I. O. G. T.
PELICAN LODGE No. 241. Meets every Tuesday evening in I. O. G. T. hall. B. T. PUGH, Sec. H. C. KEITH, W. M.

E. G. S. U. L.
E. G. S. U. L. R. S. S. W. E. BROWN, C. C. R. KING, Sec. E. C. CANFIELD, Pres.

CARPENTERS UNION
RHEINLANDER LODGE No. 15.

PROFESSIONAL.
R. KING, Sec. E. C. CANFIELD, Pres.

MILLER & MCCORMICK,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Collections promptly looked after.
Office over First National Bank.

IRAN & HARNES,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Collections promptly attended to.
Townsend county order, legal.

A. W. SHELTON
Attorney-at-Law,
Special attention paid to homestead
law and contests.
RHEINLANDER, WIS.

PAUL BROWNE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Collections a Specialty.
RHEINLANDER, WIS.

L. J. BILLINGS,
Attorney & Counselor
RHEINLANDER, WIS.

T. B. MCINDOE,
Physician & Surgeon
RHEINLANDER, WISCONSIN.
Office in Gray's block.

M. DODD, M. D.
Physician & Surgeon.
Office at Hospital,
RHEINLANDER, WISCONSIN.

C. S. MCINDOE, D. D. S.
Dental Parlors,
Bank of Rhinelander Builders.

KEITH
Physician & Surgeon
Office in Brown's Block.
RHEINLANDER, WISCONSIN.

Conover, Porter & Padley,
ARCHITECTS.
Pioneer block, Knight block,
Madison, Wis. Ashland, Wis.

Merchants' State Bank.
CAPITAL, \$50,000.
RHEINLANDER, WISCONSIN
General Banking Business Transacted.

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.
Sell exchange on all European countries.
Tickets to and from Europe on
all steam boat lines.

FIRST NATIONAL
Bank of Rhinelander.
Rhinelander, Wisconsin.
DO A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.
Best Protection for Funds.

CITY BAKERY,
LOUIS STERN, Prop.
Headquarters for Choice Fruits, Con-
fectionery, Vegetables, Oysters and
Fancy Groceries.

A SPECIALTY IS—
Pastry Baking and Ice Cream for
Parties and Entertainments.
All orders will be promptly filled and
delivered to any part of the city
if desired.

ALBRECHT & CO.,
DEALER IN
Fresh & Salt Meats
POULTRY, LARD, VEGETABLES
—AND—
Confectionery Produce

LOCAL TIME TABLES.

MILWAUKEE, LAKE SHORE & WESTERN.
NORTH BOUND
No. 2—Limited.....1:30 P. M.
No. 15—Accommodation.....1:45 P. M.
No. 15—Accommodation arrives.....3:00 P. M.
SOUTH BOUND
No. 16—Accommodation.....1:05 P. M.
No. 11—Accommodation.....1:15 P. M.
No. 1—Limited.....1:31 P. M.
W. E. ASHTON, AGENT.

Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie R'y
The Short Line East to Rhinelander, South Ste.
Marie and all Canadian and New England points
and WEST to
Minneapolis, St. Paul and Western Minnesota
and Dakota.

TRAINS WEST.
No. 2—Passenger.....10:25 P. M. through
No. 87—Passenger.....7:30 A. M. in local
between Rhinelander and Cannon Junction.
No. 2—Freight.....11:30 A. M.

TRAINS EAST.
No. 87—Passenger.....7:27 P. M. local
between Rhinelander and Cannon Junction.
No. 2—Freight.....11:30 A. M. through
No. 2—Freight.....11:30 A. M.

Thursday, April 30, 1891.
The new town hall site has not yet
been settled.

Sam Miller was at Eau Claire on
legal business last Saturday.

Ed Johnson was at Waupun on busi-
ness the latter part of last week.

Baby carriages—all the styles—all
prices—at Hildebrand's.

George Whitney is visiting friends
and relatives in the lower country.

Mrs. S. Bishop, of Whitewater, is
visiting her children here this week.

Henry Ely is at work for the Soo and
Northern lines at Peshigo Junction.

Schell has the noblest cloths for
fall and winter suits ever shown in
town.

Joseph Pilon has put up a building
at Minocqua which he will rent for a
saloon.

Presiding Elder Cole was the guest
of his brother here a few days
recently.

M. W. Lloyd is thinking of purchas-
ing a place here for his permanent
residence.

Satisfaction or no pay is the motto
of J. B. Schell. He does his own cut-
ting and fitting.

The famous Pick Jubilee Singers will
be at the Rhinelander Opera House
Wednesday evening, May 6th.

Choice selected Earl Rose and Beau-
ty of Hebron seed potatoes \$1.25 per
bushel at Jewell & Bosman's.

Farnsworth Bros. have their stock
ready for inspection and sales in their
new building on the North Side.

Tim Lennon and wife were at Leba-
non last week, called there to attend
the funeral of Mrs. Lennon's father.

Call at Edwards & Flynn's flour
and feed store for your garden seeds.
A large assortment on hand.

John Reardon will build a home on
the lot next to Paul Browne's residence,
this spring. Work has already begun.

A great many private residences are
being fitted for water service. The
company will have a big private pa-
tronage here.

Flour, feed and hay in quantities to
suit the customer and at prices very
low at Edwards & Flynn's.

Whenever you are in need of print-
ing and want good work for your money,
bring your orders to the best equipped
office in town The New North.

The city lock up has been well pa-
tronized by guests during the past week.
Too much indulgence and the quick
coming of a hot sun always populates
the "coop".

The Lake Shore Company are tear-
ing down the water tank in the yards
here. They will make it into an open
tank. It is supplied by the Water
Works Company.

B. R. Lewis, new house will be one of
the best looking in town, to judge by
the plans furnished by J. E. Chaney.
Work has begun on the foundation of
the house, and it will be pushed rapidly.

F. A. Hildebrand has the finest line
of furniture ever shown in the city.
Those who desire to purchase furniture
of late style and at reasonable prices
need not go to the city for it.

The celebrated Pick Jubilee Singers
appear here under the auspices of the
Congregational church. Their reputa-
tion as singers is well established.
Tickets are on sale at Johnson's
Jewelry Store at 50 cents for reserved
seats, general admission 35 cents, and
children 25 cents.

For the next thirty days I will pre-
sent any purchaser of \$2.00 worth of
goods at my store with a Friendship
Ring. These are not plated goods but
solid gold and silver. Call in and ex-
amine my stock and see the finest in
the city.
D. L. JENKINSON.

Some pretty big catches of fish have
been made in the last few days. Pike
and muskallunge have been taken
from below Lake Creek down in aston-
ishing quantities. Monday morning
Frank Kretlow captured a muskallunge
which measured four feet and six inches
from tip to tip. It weighed nearly
fifty pounds. Anyone can go out and
catch a string of bass this week. When
the logs begin running in the creek, the
fish will go.

Ice Cream served at Reed's
and for sale in any quantity,
or made to order for private
parties, etc.

A good organ for sale cheap at
Gothia & Demars Furniture store.

10,000 cedar fence posts for sale by
C. Ely; also wood delivered to any
part of the city.

The Nobles Dramatic company travel
in their own private car. They will be
here all of next week.

A package of the best garden seeds
with every 100 lbs. of flour at Edwards
& Flynn's flour and feed store.

Milk Shake at Reed's—A
cool, refreshing, healthful
drink. Try it.

Fred Weber who has been section
foreman on the Lake Shore between
here and Tonalawuk Lake has been
Charley Chaney's place.

Ben Sweet has started his drive.
He takes the logs belonging to Brown
& Robbins, Merrill Lumber Co., and
several other concerns.

Rhinelanders will do more building
this year than any town in this section.
Already a score or more of homes are
started and there will be many more
before fall.

The surfacing crew brought up by
the Lake Shore Co. to work on the
line between here and Hurley, struck
for more pay than was offered. A new
crew took their place.

We have got new all hardwood bed-
room suits which we will guarantee to
sell you cheaper than you can get them
from Chicago or Milwaukee only a few
more left at Gothia & Demars.

The "Soo" line officials, including
Messrs. Finney, Underwood and Shute,
were in the city last week for a day.
They spent the time at the Business
Men's rooms, making the acquaintance
of and visiting with the business men.

The members of Oneida Lodge,
No. 48, celebrated the 72nd anniversary
of the order by giving a card party
and banquet in their hall on Stevens
street, Monday evening last. About
sixty people attended, and they are as
one in announcing it one of most pleas-
ant parties of the season.

A. Toussaint has fitted up the Pa-
cific House, at considerable expense,
and will lease it to any responsible
party. Anyone wishing a good hotel
stand with an established business can
secure it by applying to A. Toussaint.

A social was given at the residence
of James Dunn Tuesday evening by
the Catholic ladies. Supper was serv-
ed, and a dance in Jerry's new barn
constituted the main part of the even-
ing's entertainment.

Thomas McDermott Jr. has purchas-
ed the old store building formerly
used as a place of worship by the Con-
gregational society, of P. P. Stoltman
and has moved it to his lot on Brown
street, next to Johnson & Co's clothing
store. It will be used for a saloon.

The Menasha Wooden Ware Com-
pany have closed a contract with E. R.
Bristol, of the "Soo" mill, to saw their
logs during the coming season. There
are between six and seven million feet
in the lot, and together with the "Soo"
Lumber Co's logs, Bristol has a full
season's stock.

Ed. Berry has sold the Elite Sample
Room to the Ladd of the Fuller,
who will conduct it as an annex after
May 1st. Berry has rented the brick
corner belonging to T. V. Newell and
will occupy it with a new saloon outfit
soon after May first.

The numerous forest fires which can
now be seen around the outskirts of
this city, is proof that the settlers have
gone there to stay and that are long
long fields of corn and the potato
bush will be seen where a few months
ago nothing was visible but the old
fashioned "primeval" forest.

Ed. Besaw, section foreman on the
Soo road, narrowly escaped fatal injur-
ies Thursday afternoon by falling from
the hand-car while it was running at
a high speed. By good luck he fell out-
side the rail, but so closely that the
wheels passed over his arm, cutting
that member slightly, and rather
severely mangle his hand.

Some merchants say trade is dull.
We have all we can do and have been
compelled to engage another man.
The reason is simply this: We have
the largest stock in the Northwest, and
our prices this spring are very low.
All the new styles and spring shades
are now in. Come and look them
over. It won't cost you a cent.

SPYGLASS & COLE.
Wanted.
A girl to do house work inquire of
Mrs. D. B. Stevens.

Wanted to Buy.
I will pay the highest cash price for
fit, lath bolts, delivered at my mill in
any quantity, up to 2,000 pounds
*
H. G. ROBINSON.

At a Bargain.
I have the following described
property which I will sell at reasonable
figures: Lots 11 and 12 in Block 12
Second addition; Lot 3, in Block 5,
First addition; Lot 11, in Block 1,
Brown's 2nd, Replat; House and lot
in Block 9, on Thayer St., or will sell
my two houses and lots on Stevens
street.
L. HUNT.

Wanted.
A woman between the ages of thirty
and seventy years to take charge of
farm house. A woman wanting a
position will do well to answer this as
my family is small and I will pay a
good salary to the right person.
*
WILLIAM MACKEY.

Lots for Sale.
Choice residence lots for sale in
Colum, Bing & Shimmer's First, Second
and Third Additions to Rhinelander
at greatly reduced figures. Enquire of
E. C. Sturdevant.

Dissolution Notice.
The firm of Shinnett & Schuman is
dissolved by mutual consent. Mr.
Shinnett retiring. The business will
be conducted as in future of William
Schuman, Signed,
WM. SCHUMANN.
WM. SHINNETT.

Dated Rhinelander, Mar. 27, 1891.
[Published April 25, 1891.]
An Ordinance Relating to Public
Health.

The Town Board of the Town of Rhinelander
do hereby enact as follows:
Section 1.—On and after May 1st, 1891, it
shall be unlawful for any person to keep
hogs within the platted limits of the Village of
Rhinelander.

Any person or persons violating the pro-
visions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a
misdemeanor.

Section 2.—All decayed animal or vegetable
matter, solid, carbon, contents of privy
vaults, and other foul or noxious substances,
has substances and rubbish shall be deposited
and dumped on the five (5) acres in the North
East of the South East quarter of section
seven (7) Town thirty-six (36) North of Range
nine (9) East being 20 rods from the quarter
post south along the section line and 40 rods
west and all foul smelling substances shall be
buried at the depth of at least six inches. Any
person who shall dump or deposit in any place
in the Village of Rhinelander, except that above
specified, any decayed animal or vegetable mat-
ter, solid, carbon, contents of privy vaults, or
rubbish, or other noxious or noxious looking
substances, or shall fail to bury at a depth of at
least six inches from the streets, any and all
foul smelling or disease producing substances,
shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor.

Section 3.—No owner, tenant or occupant of
any building in the Village of Rhinelander, shall
throw, dump, or deposit on the streets, sub-
stances, or on any ground in said village, any
slops, refuse, filth, dirt, foul manure, or other
breeding substances of any kind, and all slops
and other refuse must be kept in suitable
suitable receptacles, and must be removed before
said substances become offensive to the smell or
to the public health, and must be disposed of
at the place and in the manner provided
by Section two, of this ordinance. Any
person violating any of the provisions of this
ordinance shall be deemed guilty of a misde-
meanor.

Section 4.—Any person who shall violate any
provision of any section of this ordinance shall
upon conviction thereof be punished by a fine of
not less than one dollar, nor more than twenty
dollars, and shall be imprisoned until such fine
and costs of prosecution are paid, not exceeding
in all thirty days.

Section 5.—The provisions of this ordinance
shall be in full force and effect from and after its
passage and publication.

All ordinances or parts of ordinances hereto-
fore passed conflicting with the provisions here-
in contained are hereby repealed.

Approved April 25, A. D. 1891.
A. W. BROWN, Chairman. Wm. W. CARR, Clerk.

NOTICE.
U. S. LAND OFFICE,
WATSON, WIS.
April 6, 1891.

Application having been made at this office
by Joseph Knoch for a hearing to determine his
rights as a settler upon the lands hereinafter
described, under his application made at this
office Jan. 30, 1891, to enter Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7,
8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22,
23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36,
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765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775,
776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786

Henry Thirish was in the city Monday on business.

Read the Town Board's ordinance in another column.

H. A. Johnson will run Conro's boarding house this summer.

W. C. Chapman is here, and will probably remain here for the summer.

Mrs. Fairchild buried a four year old son Sunday. Diphtheria was the cause of death.

Jewell & Bastian's store is being enlarged, and their business is steadily on the increase.

The M. E. Church ladies gave a supper to a large number in the church parlors last evening.

Nobles Dramatic Co. at the Grand Opera House all of next week. 10, 20 and 30 cents are the prices.

There will be preaching in the Congregational church Sunday morning and evening by Rev. Wm. Blackwell.

"Lost in London" at Rhinelander opera house Saturday eve, May 9. Seats on sale at Jenkinson's jewelry store.

Ross Gilbert has brought a new stepper to town. It has all the appearance of a flyer, but as yet no chance has been given to show what it can do.

The Board of Health and Officer Tuttle have done good work this spring in getting every body to work cleaning up their premises. There has been a general exodus of rubbish this week.

W. E. Wolcott, of Illinois, has leased the building on Brown street, formerly occupied as a barber shop, and will open a photographic studio there in a few days. He will be ready for business next week.

Shyster Sam's howl about "Bishop leaving Madison before his bill was acted upon" would read pretty well along with the valuable statement that the bill passed exactly as amended in committee while Bishop was there.

Newton Beers and his famous company of actors will be seen at the Rhinelander opera house Saturday eve, May 9. Mr. Beers carries a car load of special scenery for this production and it will be the dramatic event of the season. Reserved seats on sale at Jenkinson's jewelry store.

The theater held a fine audience last night when Newton Beers' excellent company commenced a week's engagement. The piece presented was "Last in London." The scenery and cast is good. Newton Beers in his impersonation of Job Armstrong proved himself a capable actor, and deserved the success he met with. Marie Wellesley as Job's wife was excellent, and she always is in anything she undertakes. The cast is well balanced, and no doubt the attraction will draw well.—St. Paul, Minn., "Globe," April 21, 61.

Dissolution Notice.
The firm of Edwards & Flynn is dissolved by mutual consent. B. F. Edwards will receive all money due and pay all debts against the firm.

B. F. Edwards,
John Flynn
Dated, Rhinelander, Wis. Apr. 30, 91.

Shaw's Sophistry.

Last week The New North said that a man who would sell out his own town, his own county and his own neighbors was a shyster who would bear watching. Samuel Shaw, of Crandon, immediately put the coat on and it fit him like the paper on a wall. It further stated that Samuel Shaw had spent the winter in performing the very reprehensible labors of working for legislation which was detrimental to this county this town and this section. In the Vindicator of yesterday he uses a column of space to detract the people's attention from this charge. He makes no denial of it, either specific or general. The referring of that part of what he has to say to the committee who were at Madison will only bear out what The New North has charged, viz.—That he was working for the Northwestern road against this county and section, and only "switched" when he was given permission by his employers and that the committee were cognizant of his work done before their arrival. Every single charge made against Shaw in last week's New North was made with abundant proof back of it, and the effort to rattle an intelligent public by accusing the editor of The New North with being afflicted with worms, piles, eczema or any other annoying but not necessarily fatal malady is in exceedingly bad taste for one of the publisher and "experience in battle" of Samuel. The only object The New North had or has in showing up this sap-headed scolding was to enable the few people who were not before familiar with his record and who didn't thoroughly understand the combination that works the handshakes and the smile, to know what sort of a hyppertite it was who is up in this country to do country up. His neighbors at Crandon will answer for the truth or falsity of all charges of his, set out over there. To enable the people of Rhinelander, other than the 150 who saw them in the Vindicator, to fairly judge of Sam's caliber in newspaper discussions, we reprint his main arguments refuting the charges.

"Bishop has worn fire!"
"The New North has blown cattle!"
"Bishop was probably out too late with the boys at Madison!"

Those arguments, we suppose, ought to settle it with any thinking man.

McNoughton.
The mill started up full blast on Monday night.

The thermometer registered 85 degrees in the shade at this place last Sunday at seven p. m.

New parties have gone into the boarding house here but we fail to see any change in the program.

We overheard some fine singing last Sunday night. Get together often friend Toby. It will all help.

Bradley & Kelley expect to commence work on their planing mill this week if the contractor gets here.

Mr. Darrah, superintendent for Bradley & Kelley is having an addition built on his office this week.

Prof. Frank Marble and Mr. Richards, a horse dealer, were at Mr. McNoughton's camp fixing up the horses' teeth last week. They did a good job.

Stambaugh, foreman of the dry crew at the mill, had a fine horse get away one day last week. A reward of \$5.00 will be paid to any person returning same to him.

The mill runs fine since the new repairs were put in.

About fifty men came in here the other day in a cattle car. We suppose they came in for a night's lodging after the fashion of a great many others.

Frank Miller, the day fireman at the mill, contemplates going back to Michigan in the near future.

A family from Canada moved here last week.

Several families are expected here this week to occupy the five houses now ready for them.

There is a man here who seems to be awful sweet on someone in our town. That's right boys, but go slow and learn to peddle.

The ice has gone out of the lake and numerous boats are to be seen "gliding o'er the deep" on Sundays. Lots of fish have been caught during the past week. Irish had the luck to catch a whale.

ENGAGING MISTRESSES.

Available Independence of the Servant Girl in an Intelligence Office.

The owner of an employment bureau in Sixth avenue, whose business is entirely given to procuring domestic help, said to a representative of this paper today:

"A good cook or other household servant is the most independent person in New York to-day. She never has to wait for a place. If she does wait it is because she has to make a choice from many offers. She knows that she is in the one occupation where the demand exceeds the supply. She does one thing almost unheard of in other occupations—she puts her prospective employer to a severe examination."

Just at this point a stout, well-dressed lady came up to the desk and inquired if the girl she had written about was there. The girl was called in from an adjoining room. She was a rosy-cheeked German of about twenty-five. She walked in with great dignity and took a careful survey of the lady.

Here is a synopsis of the conversation which ensued.

Lady—You say you did the cooking in Mr. L's family for three years.

Girl—Um.

Lady—And these references are, of course, all right.

Girl—Um.

Lady—And you are not married?

Girl—Numb! Numb! Numb!

Lady—Well, are you satisfied with the household arrangements as I have explained them through Mrs. S?

The girl was utterly apathetic during the talk, but now she became animated, and this was what followed:

Girl—Couldn't you change the dinner hour?

Lady—Well, I have not consid—

Girl—Um. Six o'clock would be better than seven. I can't think of seven.

Where I have before, they—

Lady—Well, all right; we'll arrange that.

Girl—You said you had one child. How old is it?

Lady—Five years.

Girl—Of course that child is not to come near the kitchen?

Lady—Not necessary.

Girl—Well, I do not want any children in the kitchen, and that settles it. May I have Tuesday and Thursday nights off and one Sunday a month?

Lady—That can't be settled just now. We will arrange that.

Girl—No, we won't. I have always had that. Will you or will you not?

Lady—I will.

Girl—And the house is just as you described to Mrs. S?

Lady—Certainly.

Girl—Well, I'll think of it. I'll tell you how I have decided to-morrow.

The lady retired, looking very humble, and the prospective servant retired to the next room, seeming to be very much bored.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

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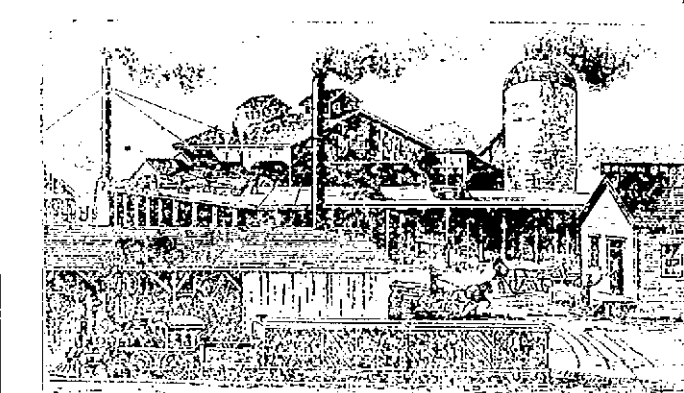
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